

You murder your wife

and the nasty-minded cops know it. Nonetheless you help with search, and drive the boyscouts around to put up posters.

Add crying on TV to the sobsister leading you tenderly.

You muse when searching with The Rotary Club how this area does resemble the one where you left her under trash and corrugated tin.

She's never found, but you're tried anyway.

Prosecution stages a bimbo parade.

Your lawyer counters that you're not on trial for being a bad choirboy, but for murder.

Beyond a reasonable doubt he hammers. You grow to love the phrase.

Her parents think you did it, but they're snivelers anyway.

At any one time two jurors sleep under the weight of the circumstansal evidence.

You smile at the panel or cry, depending on signals from your attorney. Such behavior itslef is agianst he law. Much breaking the law at trials. Fortunately curtailed when the rare judge pays attention.

After the verdict you explode into shuddering sobs, which may even be real. Then you hug anyone not repelled.

You tell the cameras your nightmare is over, and that everyone is in danger from overzealous prosecutors.

Now the police, you sneer,
can get after the real...

Bimbos have fled, but what the hell, unlimited supply anyway.

Your mother and father are wiped out with the
attorney fees, but, what the fuck, they're
ancient anyway.

No good comes from anything like this, you tell
Lucille, barkeep at The Carousel. She's grateful
that such a good tipper won't be put to death.